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**MEMORIAL ADDRESS**

ON THE

**Life, Character and Public Services**

OF THE

**HONORABLE GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR**

**January 19, 1905**



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Mr. Wankton

With best regards

P. H. C. Lodge

(Hosp.)  
LOAN







# ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
AND INVITED GUESTS

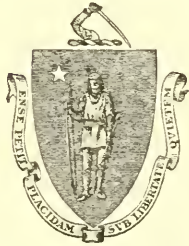
ON THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1905.

BY THE

HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

IN RESPONSE TO AN INVITATION OF THE

GENERAL COURT



BOSTON, MASS.

1905

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BOSTON:

WRIGHT & POTTER PRINTING CO., 18 POST OFFICE SQUARE.







# ADDRESS.

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MR. PRESIDENT, MR. SPEAKER, SENATORS AND GENTLEMEN  
OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: —

I am here by your invitation, which is at once an honor and a command. I am to speak to you of a remarkable man and of a long and distinguished career of public service. I am to speak to you of a man who has taken his place in that noble company who have made Massachusetts what she has been in the past, what she is to-day, and to whom she owes her great part in history and her large influence in the Union of States. Here where Mr. Hoar rendered his first public service, here where he was five times commissioned to represent the State in the great council of the nation, is the fittest place in which to honor his memory and make record of our grief for his death. I cannot hope to do full justice to such a theme, but the sincerity of my endeavor and the affection which inspires it give me confidence to proceed and assure me of your indulgence.

Men distinguished above their fellows, who have won a place in history, may be of interest and importance to posterity as individuals or as representatives of their time, or in both capacities. Hobbes and Descartes, for instance, are chiefly if not wholly interesting for what they themselves were, and for their contributions to human thought which might conceivably have been made at any

epoch. On the other hand, Pepys and St. Simon, substantially contemporary with the two philosophers, are primarily of interest and importance as representative men, embodiments and exponents of the life and thought of their time. Benjamin Franklin, to take a later example, was not only deeply interesting as an individual, but he seemed to embody in himself the tendencies of thought and the entire meaning and attitude of the eighteenth century in its broadest significance. Mr. Hoar belongs to the class which is illustrated in such a high degree by Franklin, for he has won and will hold his place in history not only by what he was and what he did, but because he was a very representative man in a period fruitful in great events and conspicuous for the consolidation of the United States, — the greatest single fact of the last century, measured by its political and economic effect upon the fortunes of mankind and upon the history of the world.

To appreciate properly and understand intelligently any man who has made substantial achievement in art or letters, in philosophy or science, in war or politics, and who has also lived to the full the life of his time, we must turn first to those conditions over which he himself had no control. In his inheritances in the time and place of birth, in the influences and the atmosphere of childhood and youth, we can often find the key to the mystery which every human existence presents, and obtain a larger explanation of the meaning of the character and career before us than the man's own life and deeds will disclose.

This is especially true of Mr. Hoar, for his race and descent, his time and place of birth are full of signifi-

cance, if we would rightly understand one who was at once a remarkable and a highly representative man. He came of a purely English stock. His family in England were people of consideration and substance, possessing both education and established position before America was discovered. Belonging in the seventeenth century to that class of prosperous merchants and tradesmen, of country gentlemen and farmers, which gave to England Cromwell and Hampden, Eliot and Pym, they were Puritans in religion, and in politics supporters of the Parliament and opponents of the King. Charles Hoar, sheriff of Gloucester, and enrolled in the record of the city government as "Generosus" or "gentleman," died in 1638. Two years later, his widow, Joanna Hoar, with five of her children, emigrated to New England. One of the sons, Leonard Hoar, chosen by his father to go to Oxford and become a minister, entered Harvard College, then just founded, and graduated there in 1650. He soon after returned to England, where he was presented to a living under the Protectorate. He married Bridget, the daughter of John Lisle, commonly called Lord Lisle, one of the regicides assassinated later at Lausanne, where he had taken refuge, by royal emissaries after the King had come to his own again. John Lisle's wife, the Lady Alicia, died on the scaffold in 1685, the most famous and pathetic victim in the tragedy of Jeffreys' "Bloody Assize." Her son-in-law, Leonard Hoar, ejected from his living under the Act of Uniformity, studied medicine, and, returning to New England ten years later, became in 1672 president of Harvard College, and died in 1675.

Senator Hoar was descended from an elder brother of

the president of Harvard, John Hoar, evidently a man of as strong character and marked abilities as the rest of his family. The old records contain more than one account of his clashings with the intolerant and vigorous theocracy which governed Massachusetts, and of the fines and imprisonments which he endured; but he never seems either to have lost the respect of the community or to have checked his speech. We get a bright glimpse of him in 1690, when Sewall says, in his diary on November 8 of that year: —

Jno. Hoar comes into the lobby and sais he comes from the Lord, by the Lord, to speak for the Lord; complains that sins as bad as Sodom's found here.

In every generation following we find men of the same marked character, who were graduates of Harvard, active citizens, successful in their callings, taking a full share of public duties and in the life of their times. Senator Hoar's great grandfather, who had served in the old French war, and his grandfather, were both in the fight at Concord bridge. His father, Samuel Hoar, was one of the most distinguished lawyers in Massachusetts. He served in both branches of the State Legislature, and was a member of Congress. Honored throughout the State, his most conspicuous action was his journey to Charleston, S. C., to defend certain negro sailors; and from that city, where his life was in danger, he was expelled because he desired to give his legal services to protect men of another and an enslaved race.

On his mother's side Senator Hoar was a descendant

of the John Sherman who landed in Massachusetts in 1630, and became the progenitor of a family which has been extraordinarily prolific in men of high ability and distinction. In the century just closed this family gave to the country and to history one of our most brilliant soldiers, one of our most eminent statesmen and financiers, and through the female line the great lawyer and orator, Mr. Evarts, and E. Rockwood Hoar, distinguished alike as judge, as member of Congress and as Attorney-General of the United States. In the eighteenth century we owe to the same blood and name one of the most conspicuous of the great men who made the revolution and founded the United States, Roger Sherman, signer of the Declaration of Independence, signer of the articles of confederation, signer of the Constitution, first Senator from Connecticut, and grandfather of Mr. Hoar, as he was also of Mr. Evarts. I have touched upon this genealogy more, perhaps, than is usual upon such occasions, not only because it is remarkable, but because it seems to me full of light and meaning in connection with those who, in the years just past, had the right to claim it for their own.

We see these people, when American history begins, identified with the cause of constitutional freedom, and engaged in resistance to what they deemed tyranny in Church and State. They became exiles for their faith, and the blood of the victims of Stuart revenge is sprinkled on their garments. They venture their lives again at the outbreak of our own revolution. They take a continuous part in public affairs. They feel it to be their business to help the desolate and oppressed, from



John Hoar, sheltering and succoring the Christian Indians, in the dark and bloody days of King Philip's war, to Samuel Hoar, going forth into the midst of a bitterly hostile community to defend the helpless negroes. The tradition of sound learning, the profound belief in the highest education, illustrated by Leonard Hoar in the seventeenth century, are never lost or weakened in the succeeding generations. Through all their history runs unchanged the deep sense of public responsibility, of patriotism and of devotion to high ideals of conduct. The stage upon which they played their several parts might be large or small, but the light which guided them was always the same. They were Puritans of the Puritans. As the centuries passed, the Puritan was modified in many ways; but the elemental qualities of the powerful men who had crushed crown and mitre in a common ruin, altered the course of English history and founded a new state in a new world, remained unchanged.

So parented and so descended, Mr. Hoar inherited certain deep-rooted conceptions of duty, of character and of the conduct of life, which were as much a part of his being as the color of his eyes or the shape of his hand. Where and when was he born to this noble heritage? We must ask and answer this question, for there is a world of suggestion in the place and time of a man's birth, when that man has come to have a meaning and an importance to his own generation as well as to those which succeed it in the slow procession of the years.

Concord, proclaimed by Webster as one of the glories of Massachusetts which no untoward fate could wrest from her, was the place of his birth. About the quiet



village were gathered all the austere traditions of the colonial time. It had witnessed the hardships of the early settlers, it had shared and shuddered in the horrors of Indian wars, it had seen the slow and patient conquest of the wilderness. There within its boundaries had blazed high a great event, catching the eyes of a careless world which little dreamed how far the fire then lighted would spread. Along its main road, overarched by elms, the soldiers of England marched that pleasant April morning. There is the bridge where the farmers returned the British fire and advanced. There is the tomb of the two British soldiers who fell in the skirmish, and whose grave marks the spot where the power of England on the North American continent first began to ebb. Truly there is no need of shafts of stone or statues of bronze, for the whole place is a monument to the deeds which there were done. The very atmosphere is redolent of great memories; the gentle ripple of the placid river, the low voice of the wind among the trees, all murmur the story of patriotism, and teach devotion to the nation, which, from "the bridge that arched the flood," set forth upon its onward march.

And then, just as Mr. Hoar began to know his birth-place, the town entered upon a new phase which was to give it a place in literature and in the development of modern thought as eminent as that which it had already gained in the history of the country. Emerson made Concord his home in 1835, Hawthorne came there to live seven years later, and Thoreau, a native of the town, was growing to manhood in those same years. To Mr. Hoar's inheritance of public service, of devotion to duty

and of lofty ideals of conduct, to the family influences which surrounded him and which all pointed to work and achievement as the purpose and rewards of life, were added those of the place where he lived, — the famous little town which drew from the past lessons of pride and love of country, and offered in the present examples of lives given to literature and philosophy, to the study of nature and to the hopes and destiny of man here and hereafter.

Thus highly gifted in his ancestry, in his family and in his traditions, as well as in the place and the community in which he was to pass the formative years of boyhood and youth, Mr. Hoar was equally fortunate in the time of his birth, which often means so much in the making of a character and career. He was born on the 29th of August, 1826. Superficially it was one of the most uninteresting periods in the history of western civilization; dominated in Europe by small men, mean in its hopes, low in its ambitions. But beneath the surface vast forces were germinating and gathering, which in their development were to affect profoundly both Europe and America.

The great movement which, beginning with the revolt of the American colonies, had wrought the French revolution, convulsed Europe and made Napoleon possible, had spent itself and sunk into exhaustion at Waterloo. The reaction reigned supreme. It was the age of the Metternichs and Castlereaghs, of the Eldons and Liverpools, of Spanish and Neapolitan Bourbons. With a stupidity equalled only by their confidence and insensibility, these men and others like them sought to establish

again the old tyrannies, and believed that they could restore a dead system and revive a vanished society. They utterly failed to grasp the fact that where the red-hot plowshares of the French revolution had passed the old crops could never flourish again. The White Terror swept over France, and a little later the Duc D'Angoulême, the only man who understood the situation, was driven from power because he tried to establish the conditions upon which alone the Bourbon monarchy could hope to survive. The Holy Alliance was formed to uphold autocracy and crush out the aspirations of any people who sought to obtain the simplest rights and the most moderate freedom. To us Webster's denunciation of the Holy Alliance sounds like an academic exercise, designed simply to display the orator's power, but to the men of that day it had a most real and immediate meaning. The quiet which Russia and Austria called peace reigned over much wider regions than Warsaw. England cringed and burned incense before the bewigged and padded effigy known as "George the Fourth." France did the bidding of the dullest and most unforgetting of the Bourbons. Any one who ventured to criticise any existing arrangement was held up to scorn and hatred as an enemy of society, driven into exile like Byron and Shelley, or cast into prison like Leigh Hunt.

But the great forces which had caused both the American and French revolutions were not dead, — they were only gathering strength for a renewed movement; and the first voices of authority which broke the deadly quiet came from England and the United States. When the Holy Alliance stretched out its hand to thrust back the

Spanish colonies into bondage, Canning declared that he would call in the "New World to redress the balance of the Old;" and Monroe announced that in that New World there should be no further European colonization, and no extension of the monarchical principle. Greece rose against the Turks, and lovers of liberty everywhere went to her aid; for even the Holy Alliance did not dare to make the Sultan a partner in a combination which professed to be the defender of Christianity as well as of despotic government.

When Mr. Hoar was born the Greek revolution was afoot; the first stirrings of the oppressed and divided nationalities had begun; the liberal movement was again lifting its head and preparing to confront the entrenched, uncompromising forces of the reaction. He was four years old when Concord heard of the fighting in the Paris streets during the three days of July and of the fall of the Bourbon monarchy. When he was six years old the passage of the reform bill brought to England a peaceful revolution, instead of one in arms, and crumbled into dust the system of Castlereagh and Liverpool and Wellington.

The change and movement thus manifested were not confined to politics. As Mr. Hoar went back and forth to school in the Concord Academy, the new forces were spreading into every field of thought and action. Revolt against conventions in art and literature and against existing arrangements of society was as ardent as that against political oppression, while creeds and dogmas were called in question as unsparingly as the right of the few to govern the many. In England one vested

abuse after another was swept away by the Reform Parliament. It was discovered that Shelley and Byron, the outlaws of twenty years before, were among the greatest of England's poets. Dickens startled the world and won thousands of readers by bringing into his novels whole classes of human beings unknown to polite fiction since the days of Fielding, and by plunging into the streets of London, to find among the poor, the downtrodden and the criminal, characters which he made immortal. Carlyle was crying out against venerated shams in his fierce satire on the philosophy of clothes. Macaulay was vindicating the men of the great rebellion to a generation which had been brought up to believe that the Puritans were little better than cut-throats, and Oliver Cromwell a common military usurper. The English establishment was shaken by the Oxford movement, which carried Newman to Rome, drove others to the extreme of scepticism, and breathed life into the torpid church, sending its ministers out into the world of men as missionaries and social reformers.

In France, after the days of July, the romantic movement took full possession of literature, and the Shakespeare whom Voltaire rejected became to the new school the head of the corner. The sacred Alexandrine of the days of Louis XIV. gave way to varied measures which found their inspiration in the poets of the Renaissance. The plays of Hugo and Dumas drove the classical drama from the stage; the verse of De Musset, the marvellous novels of Balzac, were making a new era in the literature of France.

Italy, alive with conspiracies, was stirring from one

end to the other with aspirations for national unity, and with resistance to the tyranny of Neapolitan Bourbons and Austrian Hapsburgs. Hungary was moving restlessly; Poland was struggling vainly with her fetters. Plans, too, for social regeneration were filling the minds of men. St. Simon's works had come into fashion. It was the age of Fourier and Proudhon, of Bentham and Comte.

Such were the voices and such the influences which then came across the Atlantic, very powerful and very impressive to the young men of that day, especially to those who were beginning to reflect highly and seriously upon the meaning of life. And all about them in America the same portents were visible. Everything was questioned. Men dreamed dreams and saw visions. There is a broad, an impassable gulf between the deep and beautiful thought, the mysticism and the transcendentalism of Emerson, and the wild vagaries of Miller and the Second Adventists or the crude vulgarity of Joseph Smith; yet were they all manifestations of the religious cravings which had succeeded the frigid scepticism of the eighteenth century and the dull torpor of the period of reaction. So, too, Brook Farm and the Oneida Community were widely different attempts to put into practice some of the schemes of social regeneration then swarming in the imagination of men. Literature was uplifting itself to successes never yet reached in the New World. It was the period of Poe and Hawthorne, of Longfellow and Lowell, of Holmes and Whittier. Bancroft and Prescott were already at work; Motley was beginning his career with romantic novels. And then



behind all this literature, all these social experiments, all these efforts to pierce the mystery of man's existence, was slowly rising the agitation against slavery, — a dread reality destined to take possession of the country's history.

These influences, these voices, were everywhere when Mr. Hoar, a vigorous, clever, thoughtful boy of sixteen, left his school at Concord and entered Harvard College in 1842. Brook Farm had been started in the previous year; the next was to witness Miller's millennium; he was half way through college when Joseph Smith was killed at Nauvoo. In his third year the long battle which John Quincy Adams had waged for nearly a decade in behalf of the right of petition and against the slave power, and which had stirred to its depths the conscience of New England, culminated in the old man's famous victory by the repeal of the "gag rule."

As Mr. Hoar drew to manhood, the air was full of revolt and questioning in thought, in literature, in religion, in society and in politics. The dominant note was faith in humanity and in the perfectibility of man. Break up impeding, stifling customs, strike down vested abuses, set men free to think, to write, to work, to vote as they chose, and all would be well. To Mr. Hoar, with his strong inheritances, with the powerful influences of his family and home, the spirit of the time came with an irresistible appeal. It was impossible to him to be deaf to its voice, or to shut his ears to the poignant cry against oppression which sounded through the world of Europe and America with a fervor and pathos felt only in the great moments of human history. But he was the child of the Puritans; their elemental qualities were in

his blood; and the Puritans joined to the highest idealism the practical attributes which had made them in the days of their glory the greatest soldiers and statesmen in Europe. Macaulay, in a well-known passage, says of Cromwell's soldiers that —

They moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of Crusaders.

Mr. Hoar, by nature, by inheritance, by every influence of time and place, an idealist, had also the strong good sense, the practical shrewdness and the reverence for law and precedent which were likewise part of his birthright. He passed through college with distinction, went to his brother's office for a year, to the Harvard Law School, and thence, in 1849, to Worcester, where he cast in his fortune with the young and growing city which ever after was to be his home. But his personal fortunes did not absorb him. He looked out on the world about him with an eager gaze. As he said in his old age, —

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.

The profound conviction that every man had a public duty was strong within him. The spirit of the time was on him. He would fain do his share. When the liberal movement culminated in Europe in 1848, he was deeply stirred. When, a little later, Kossuth came to the United States, the impression then made upon him by the cause and the eloquence of the great Hungarian sank into his heart and was never effaced. He, too, meant to do his part, however humble, in the work of his time. He did not content himself with barren sympathy for the op-



pressed beyond the seas, nor did he give himself to any of the vague schemes then prevalent for the regeneration of society. He turned to the question nearest at hand, to the work of redressing what he believed to be the wrong and the sin of his native land, — human slavery. He did not join the abolitionists, but set himself to fight slavery in the effective manner which finally brought its downfall, — by organized political effort within the precincts of the Constitution and the laws.

Mr. Hoar had been bred a Whig. His first vote in 1847 was for a Whig Governor, and Daniel Webster was the close friend of his father and brother. He had been brought up on Webster's reply to Hayne, and as a college student he had heard him deliver the second Bunker Hill oration. In that day the young Whigs of Massachusetts looked to Webster with an adoring admiration. They —

Followed him, honored him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him their pattern to live and to die.

But the great command of conscience to Mr. Hoar was to resist slavery, and the test of his faith was at hand. He was to break from the dominant party of the State. Webster was to become to him in very truth "The Lost Leader." He was to join with those who called the great Senator "Ichabod," and not until he himself was old was he to revert to his young admiration of that splendid intellect and that unrivalled eloquence. But when the ordeal came, there was no shrinking. Charles Allen of Worcester, amid derisive shouts, announced at Philadelphia, after the nomination of General Taylor, that the

Whig party was dissolved, and Mr. Hoar went with him. After the delegates had returned to Massachusetts, Mr. Hoar rendered his first political service by addressing and mailing a circular drawn by his elder brother, E. Rockwood Hoar, which invited the anti-slavery Whigs to meet at Worcester and take steps to oppose the election of either General Taylor or of General Cass, the Democratic candidate. The convention was held in Worcester on June 28, became the Free Soil party, and gave their support to Van Buren. The result of the movement nationally was to defeat the Democrats in New York, as the Liberty party had turned the scales against Clay four years before. In Massachusetts the Worcester convention marked the appearance of a group of young men who were to form a new school of statesmen, and who were destined to control Massachusetts and to play a leading part in guiding the fortunes of the nation for forty years to come.

The Federalists, who had formed and organized the government of the United States, and who were essentially constructive statesmen of great power, had followed the men of the revolution, and in turn had been succeeded by the Whigs. Under the lead of Webster and Choate, of Everett and Winthrop and others hardly less distinguished, the Whigs controlled Massachusetts for a generation. They never had seemed stronger, despite Webster's personal discontent, than on the eve of Taylor's election; but it was to be their last triumph. The men, mostly young, who gathered at Worcester, were to displace them and themselves take and hold power for nearly forty years. There at Worcester, with Samuel

Hoar, one of the pioneers of earlier days, presiding, were assembled the men of the future. Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Henry Wilson, E. R. Hoar, Charles Allen and Richard H. Dana, spoke to the convention; while Palfrey the historian, John A. Andrew, then a young, unknown lawyer, and Anson Burlingame, although not present, joined with and supported them. These were not only new men, but they represented a new political school. The Whigs, inheriting the Federalist doctrines of liberal construction, were essentially an economic party, devoted to the industrial and material development of the country. The men who supplanted them were primarily and above all human-rights statesmen, as befitted the time. To them the rights of humanity came first, and all economic questions second. With these men and with this school Mr. Hoar united himself heart and soul, swayed by the sternest and strongest convictions, for which no sacrifice was too great, no labors too hard. He was perhaps the youngest of the men destined to high distinction who met in Worcester in 1848; he was certainly the last great survivor of this remarkable group in the largest fields of national statesmanship.

Thus was the beginning made. The next step was an unexpected one. There was a Free-Soil meeting in Worcester in 1850. Charles Allen, who was to speak, was late, and a cry went up from the impatient audience of "Hoar!" "Hoar!" Neither father nor brother was present, so Mr. Hoar took the platform, and, speaking from the fullness of his heart and with the fervor of his cause, won a success which put him in demand for meetings throughout the county. The following year he was

made chairman of the Free-Soil county committee, proved himself a most efficient organizer, and carried all but six of the fifty-two towns in the county. Then, greatly to his surprise, he was nominated for the Legislature. He accepted, was elected, became the leader of the Free Soilers in the House, and distinguished himself there by his advocacy of the factory acts limiting the hours of labor, in which Massachusetts was the pioneer. He retired at the end of the year for which he had been chosen. In 1857 he was nominated, again unexpectedly, to the State Senate, was elected, served one year with marked distinction, and then retired, as he had from the House. He had, indeed, no desire for office. On coming to Worcester he had been offered a partnership by Emory Washburn, soon after Governor of the State, and later a professor in the Harvard Law School. This connection brought him at once into one of the largest practices in the county; and his partner's election to the governorship, which soon followed, gave him entire responsibility for the business of the firm. He was not only very busy, but he was devoted to his profession, for he possessed legal abilities of the highest order. Yet he was never too busy to give his services freely to the great cause of human rights, which he had so much at heart. He labored unceasingly in his resistance to slavery and in building up the Republican party, which during that time was fast rising into power, both in State and nation.

It is impossible to follow him through those eventful years when freedom and slavery clinched in a death struggle far out in Kansas, and the black clouds of civil war were gathering darkly on the horizon. But there

are two incidents of that period which illustrate Mr. Hoar's character so strongly that they cannot be passed over. In 1854 the Know-Nothing movement broke out with all the force of a tropical hurricane. To men painfully struggling to bring a great cause to judgment against the resistance of the old and dominant parties, it offered many temptations. The new party was overwhelming in its strength; it evidently could not last indefinitely; it was sound on the slavery question; and it promised to act as a powerful solvent and disintegrate the old organizations which every Free Soiler rightly thought was vital to their own success. But Mr. Hoar, unmoved by the storm, believing in freedom of conscience as he believed in political freedom, set himself in stern opposition to a party which rested on the principle of discrimination and ostracism against all men of a certain race or of a given creed. No public clamor then or ever was able to sway him from those ideals of faith and conduct which were the guiding stars of his life.

The other incident was widely different and even more characteristic. If there was one thing more hateful to Mr. Hoar than another in those days it was the return of runaway slaves to the south by the authorities of northern States. Massachusetts was the scene of some of the worst examples of this bad business, and the wrath of the people was deeply stirred. In 1854 a deputy marshal connected with the work of slave catching arrived in Worcester. His presence became known, and an angry mob, utterly uncontrollable by the little police force of the town, gathered about the hotel. The man was in imminent danger, and stricken with terror. No

one loathed a slave-catcher more than Mr. Hoar; but the idealist gave way to the lover of law, and ordered liberty. Mr. Hoar went out and addressed the crowd, then gave his arm to the terrified man, walked with him down the street, surrounded by a few friends, and so got him to the station and out of the town, bruised by blows, but alive and in safety.

So the years of that memorable time went by. Mr. Hoar worked diligently in his profession, rising to the front rank of the bar, and laboring in season and out of season in support of the Republican party and of the administration of Lincoln when the civil war came. He had neither thought nor desire for public life or public office. He wished to succeed in his profession, to live quietly at home among his books, and he cherished the modest ambition of one day becoming a judge of the supreme court of the State. But it was ordered otherwise. In 1868 Mr. Hoar went to Europe, worn out by hard work at his profession. There were at the moment many candidates for the nomination for Congress in the Worcester district, and most of them were strong and able men. In this condition of affairs Mr. Hoar consented to let some of his friends bring his name forward, and then took his departure for Europe. Travel and rest brought back his health, and he returned home eager for his profession, regretting that he had allowed his name to be suggested as that of a candidate for any position, only to find himself nominated for Congress on the first ballot taken in the convention. So his life in Washington began, with no desire or expectation on his part of a service of more than one or two terms. At the end of his second



term he announced his intention of withdrawing, and was persuaded to reconsider it. The fourth time he was obliged again to withdraw a refusal to run, because it was a year of peril to the party. The next time the refusal was final, and his successor was nominated and elected.

His eight years in the House were crowded with work. He began with a very modest estimate of his own capacities, but his power of eloquent speech and his knowledge and ability as a lawyer soon brought him forward. When S. S. Cox sneered at him one day, saying, "Massachusetts had not sent her Hector to the field," and Mr. Hoar replied that there was no need to send Hector to meet Thersites, the House recognized a quick and biting wit, of which it was well to beware.

When Mr. Hoar entered the House, Congress was engaged in completing the work which by the war and the emancipation of the slaves had marked the triumph of that mighty struggle for human freedom to which he had given his youth and early manhood. He was therefore absorbed in the questions raised by the reconstruction policy, which involved the future of the race he had helped to free; and he labored especially in the interests of that race for the establishment of national education, which, after years of effort constantly renewed, ultimately failed of accomplishment. But the civil war, besides its great triumphs of a Union preserved and a race set free, had left also the inevitable legacy of such convulsions, — great social and political demoralization in all parts of the country and in all phases of public and private life. Political patronage ran riot among the offices, and made Mr. Hoar one of the most ardent,

as he was one of the earliest and most effective, of civil service reformers. Unhappily, however, the poison of the time penetrated much higher in the body politic than the small routine offices so sorely misused under the "spoils system." It was an era when Cabinet officers and party leaders were touched and smirched, and when one Congressional investigation followed hard upon another. Mr. Hoar's keenness as a lawyer, his power as a cross-examiner and his fearless and indignant honesty, caused the House to turn to him for this work of punishment and purification, which was as painful as it was necessary. He was a member of the committee to investigate the Freedman's Bureau, and took part in the report which exonerated General Howard. He was one of the House managers in the Belknap trial, and the leading member of the committee which investigated the Union Pacific Railroad and the scandals of the *Crédit Mobilier*.

But his greatest and most distinguished service came to him just as his career in the House was drawing to a close. The demoralization of the war, the working out of reconstruction, the abnormal conditions which war and reconstruction together had produced, culminated in 1876 in a disputed presidential election. Into the events of that agitated winter it is needless and impossible to enter. The situation was in the highest degree perilous, and every one recognized that a grave crisis had arisen in the history of the republic. Finally, an electoral tribunal was established which settled the controversy and removed the danger. Upon that tribunal Mr. Hoar was placed by a Democratic speaker as one of the representatives of the House, and this appointment alone was



sufficient to fix his place as one of the political leaders of the country. With this great and responsible task accomplished, his career in the House drew to a close. Yet even while he was thus engaged, a new and larger service came to him by his election to the Senate. He was then, as when he entered the House, without desire for public office. He still longed to return to his library and his profession, and allow the pleasures and honors as well as the trials of public life to pass by. But again it was not to be. There was at that time a strong and deep-rooted opposition to the dominance of General Butler in the politics of Massachusetts, and this opposition, determined to have a Senator in full sympathy with them, took up Mr. Hoar as their candidate, and, without effort or even desire on his part, elected him.

So he passed from the House to the Senate. He entered the Senate a leader, and a leader he remained to the end, ever growing in strength and influence, ever filling a larger place, until he was recognized everywhere as one of the first of American statesmen, until his words were listened to by all his countrymen, until there gathered about him the warm light of history, and men saw when he rose in debate —

The past of the nation in battle there.

Neither time nor the occasion permits me to trace that long and fine career in the Senate. Mr. Hoar was a great Senator. He brought to his service an intense patriotism, a trained intellect, wide learning, a profound knowledge of law and history, an unsullied character and noble abilities. All these gifts he expended without

measure or stint in his country's service. His industry was extraordinary and unceasing. Whatever he spared in life, he never spared himself in the performance of his public duty. The laws settling the presidential succession, providing for the count of the electoral vote, for the final repeal of the tenure-of-office act, for a uniform system of bankruptcy, are among the more conspicuous monuments of his industry and energy, and of his power as a constructive lawmaker and statesman. Nor did his activity cease with the work of the Senate. He took a large part in public discussion in every political campaign and in the politics of his own State. He was a delegate to four national conventions, a leading figure in all; and in 1880 he presided at Chicago with extraordinary power, tact and success over the stormiest convention, with a single exception, known to our history.

In the Senate he was a great debater, quick in retort, with all the resources of his mind always at his command. Although he had no marked gifts of presence, voice or delivery, he was none the less a master of brilliant and powerful speech. His style was noble and dignified, with a touch of the stateliness of the eighteenth century; rich in imagery and allusion, full of the apt quotations which an unerring taste, an iron memory and the widest reading combined to furnish. When he was roused, when his imagination was fired, his feelings engaged or his indignation awakened, he was capable of a passionate eloquence which touched every chord of emotion, and left no one who listened to him unmoved. At these moments, whether he spoke on the floor of the Senate, in the presence of a great popular audience or in the intimacy of

private conversation, the words glowed, the sentences marshalled themselves in stately sequence, and the idealism which was the dominant note of his life was heard sounding clear and strong above and beyond all pleas of interest or expediency.

So we come back to the light which shone upon his early years, and which never failed him to the last. Mr. Hoar was born in the period of revolt. He joined the human-rights statesmen of that remarkable time; he shared in their labors; he saw the once unpopular cause rise up victorious through the stress and storm of battle; he beheld the visions of his youth change into realities, and his country emerge triumphant from the awful ordeal of civil war. He came into public life in season to join in completing the work of the men who had given themselves up to the destruction of slavery and the preservation of the Union. But even then the mighty emotions of those terrible years were beginning to subside; the seas which had been running mountain high were going down; the tempestuous winds before which the ship of state had driven for long years were dropping, and bid fair to come out from another quarter. The country was passing into a new political period. Questions involving the rights of men and the wrongs of humanity gave place throughout the world of western civilization to those of trade and commerce, of tariffs and currency and finance. The world returned to a period when the issues were economic, industrial and commercial, and when the vast organizations of capital and labor opened up a new series of problems.

In the United States, as the issues of the war faded

into the distance and material prosperity was carried to heights undreamed of before, the nation turned inevitably from the completed conquest of its own vast domain to expansion beyond its borders, and to the assertion of the control and authority which were its due among the great powers of the earth. Many years before Mr. Hoar's death the change was complete, and he found himself a leader in the midst of a generation whose interests and whose conceptions differed widely from those to which his own life had been devoted. He took up the new questions with the same zeal and the same power which he had brought to the old. He made himself master of the tariff, aided thereto by his love of the great industrial community which he had seen grow up about him at Worcester, and whose success he attributed to the policy of protection. In the same way he studied, reflected upon and discussed problems of banking and currency and the conflict of standards. But at bottom all these questions were alien to him. However thoroughly he mastered them, however wisely he dealt with them, they never touched his heart. His inheritance of sound sense, of practical intelligence, of reverence for precedent, rendered it easy for him to appreciate and understand the value and importance of matters involving industrial prosperity and the growth of trade; but the underlying idealism made these questions at the same time seem wholly inferior to the nobler aspirations upon which his youth was nurtured. An idealist he was born, and so he lived and died.

He could say, as John A. Andrew said: "I know not what sins the recording angel may set against me, but

this I know, — I never turned my back on any man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black." This was Mr. Hoar's rule of life. In him the poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed, whether in private or public, always found a friend. Disregarding all economic considerations, he resisted the exclusion of the Chinese; he was ready to go to war to rescue Armenia; he beheld in the Filipinos the modern successors of the men who framed the Declaration of Independence and of the farmers who fought at Concord bridge. To him discrimination on account of race was only less odious than discrimination on account of religious belief. In the name of our common humanity he would permit no distinction to be made which rested on race or religion, and those who attempted to draw one ever found in him an untiring and fearless opponent.

Neither scepticism nor experience could chill the hopes or dim the visions of his young manhood. He was imbued with the profound and beautiful faith in humanity characteristic of that earlier time. He lived to find himself in an atmosphere where this faith was invaded by doubt and questioning.

How much that great movement, driven forward by faith in humanity and hope for its future, to which Mr. Hoar gave all that was best of his youth and manhood, accomplished, it is not easy to estimate. It is enough to say that the results were vast in their beneficence. But the wrongs and burdens which it swept away were known by the sharp experience of actual suffering only to the generations which had endured them. The succeeding generation had never felt the hardships and oppressions

which had perished, but were keenly alive to all the evils which survived. Hence the inevitable tendency to doubt the worth of any great movement which has come, done its work and gone, asserted itself; for there are no social or political panaceas, although mankind never ceases to look for them and expect them. To a period of enthusiasm, aspiration and faith, resulting in great changes and in great benefits to humanity, a period of scepticism and reaction almost always succeeds. The work goes on, what has been accomplished is made sure, much good is done, but the spirit of the age alters.

The new generation inclined to the view of science and history that there were ineradicable differences between the races of men. They questioned the theory that opportunity was equivalent to capacity; they refused to believe that a people totally ignorant, or to whom freedom and self-government were unknown, could carry on successfully the complex machinery of constitutional and representative government which it had cost the English-speaking peoples centuries of effort and training to bring forth. To expect this seemed to the new time as unreasonable as to believe that an Ashantee could regulate a watch because it was given to him, or an Arruwhimi dwarf run a locomotive to anything but wreck because the lever was placed in his hands. Through all these shifting phases of thought and feeling Mr. Hoar remained unchanged, a man of '48, his ideals unaltered, his faith in the quick perfectibility of humanity unshaken, his hopes for the world of men still glowing with the warmth and light of eager youth. And when all is said, when science and scepticism and experience have



spoken their last word, the ideals so cherished by him still stand as noble and inspiring as the faith upon which they rested was beautiful and complete. The man who steered his course by stars like these could never lose his reckoning, or be at variance with the eternal verities which alone can lift us from the earth.

His own experience, moreover, although mingled with disappointments, as is the common fate of man, could but confirm his faith and hope. He had dreamed dreams and seen visions in his youth, but he had beheld those dreams turn to reality and those visions come true in a manner rarely vouchsafed. He had seen the slave freed and the Union saved. He had shared with his countrymen in their marvellous onward march to prosperity and power. He had seen rise up from the revolt of 1848 a free and united Italy, a united Germany, a French Republic, a free Hungary. He would have been a cynic and a sceptic indeed if he had wavered in his early faith. And so his ideals and the triumphs they had won made him full of confidence and courage, even to the end. He, too, could say:—

I find earth not gray, but rosy;  
 Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.  
 Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.  
 Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

This splendid optimism, this lofty faith in his country, this belief in humanity, never failed. They were with him in his boyhood; they were still with him, radiant and vital, in the days when he lay dying in Worcester. It was all part of his philosophy of life, knit in the fibres of his being and pervading his most sacred beliefs. To him the man who could not recognize the limitations of

life on earth was as complete a failure as the man who, knowing the limitations, sat down content among them. To him the man who knew the limitations, but ever strove toward the perfection he could not reach, was the victorious soul, the true servant of God. As Browning wrote in his old age, he, too, might have said that he was —

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break ;  
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph ;  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.

He had an unusually fortunate and happy life. He was fortunate in the knowledge of great work done, happy in never knowing idleness or the distress of wondering painfully how to pass away the short time allowed to us here or the miserable craving for constant excitement so marked at the present moment. His vacations were filled as were his working hours. He travelled wisely and well, and the Old World spoke to him as she only does to those who know her history. He was a lover of nature. He rejoiced in the beauties of hill and stream and forest, of sea and sky, and delighted to watch the flight of the eagle or listen to the note of the song birds in whose name he wrote the charming petition which brought them the protection of the law in Massachusetts.

He was a scholar in the wide, generous, unspecialized sense of an older and more leisurely age than this. His Greek and Latin went with him through life, and the great poets and dramatists and historians of antiquity were his familiar friends. His knowledge of English literature was extraordinary, as extensive as it was



minute and curious. His books were his companions, an unfailling resource, a pleasure never exhausted. To him history had unrolled her ample page, and as antiquarian and collector he had all the joys which come from research and from the gradual acquisition of those treasures which appeal to the literary, the historic or the artistic sense.

To those who knew him best it was always a source of disappointment that he wrote so little, — that he never could find time, amid his engrossing cares, to produce a work which would have given him as assured and high a place in American literature as he had won and held in the public life of the United States. His occasional addresses and historical studies have a fine and real literary quality which must make every one who reads them regret that they are only fragments disconnected with each other, and that they could not have been woven into a symmetrical whole. His autobiography, fortunately, he found time to write, and it has all the charm of his addresses and essays; but it also possesses one quality more important even than literary form or historical value, in giving to us not only the picture of a period, but the veracious portrait of the author himself. Many of the memoirs of American public men have the dryness of a public document; but Mr. Hoar's autobiography is thoroughly human. You feel as you read that you are face to face with a real man, who is telling you what he thinks and what he did just as he saw and felt it all. If foibles or prejudices appear, they only add to the truth and honesty of the picture, and make one know that here at least there is neither deception nor parade. The book has humor, historic value, literary qualities; but, above

all, it is true to the writer himself, and that is the attribute most to be coveted.

Any man of well-balanced mind who is wedded to high ideals is sure to possess a great loyalty of soul. It is from such men that martyrs have been made, — the true martyrs, whose blood has been the seed of churches, and across whose fallen bodies great causes have marched to triumph. But it is also from men of this stamp, whose minds are warped, that the fanatics, the unreasoning and mischievous extremists likewise come, — those who at best only ring an alarm bell, and who usually are thoroughly harmful, not only to the especial cause they champion, but to all other good causes, which they entirely overlook. There is, therefore, no slight peril in the temperament of the thorough-going idealist, unless it is balanced and controlled, as it was with Mr. Hoar, by sound sense, and by an appreciation of the relation which the idealist and his ideals bear to the universe at large. It was said of a brilliant contemporary of Mr. Hoar, like him, an idealist, that, “if he had lived in the middle ages, he would have gone to the stake for a principle under a misapprehension as to the facts.” Mr. Hoar would have gone to the stake socially, politically and physically, rather than yield certain profound beliefs; but if he had made this last great sacrifice, he would have known just what he was doing, and would have been under no misapprehension as to the facts.

Loyalty to his ideals, moreover, was not his only loyalty. He was by nature a partisan; he could not hold faiths or take sides lightly or indifferently. He loved the great party he had helped to found in that strongest

of all ways, with an open-eyed and not a blind affection. He more than once differed from his party; he sometimes opposed it on particular measures; he once, at least, parted with it on a great national issue; but he never would leave it; he never faltered in its support. He believed that two great parties were essential bulwarks of responsible representative government. He felt that a man could do far more and far better by remaining in his party, even if he thought it wrong in some one particular, than by going outside and becoming a mere snarling critic. No man respected and cherished genuine independence more than he, and no man more heartily despised those who gave to hatred, malice and all uncharitableness the honored name of independence. Nothing could tear him from the great organization he had helped and labored to build up. If any one had ever tried to drive him out, he would have spoken to Republicans as Webster did to the Whigs in 1842 at Faneuil Hall, when he said: —

I am a Whig, I always have been a Whig, and I always will be one; and if there are any who would turn me out of the pale of that communion, let them see who will get out first.

Mr. Hoar's high ideals and unswerving loyalty were not confined to public life and public duty. He was not of those who raise lofty standards in the eyes of the world, and then lower and forget them in the privacy of domestic life and in the beaten way of friendship. He was brought up in days when "plain living and high thinking" was not the mere phrase which it has since

become, but a real belief; and to that belief he always adhered. He cast away a large income and all hope of wealth for the sake of the public service. He had no faculty for saving money, and no desire to attempt it. If he made a large fee in an occasional case, if his pen brought him a handsome reward, it all went in books or pictures, in the hospitality he loved to exercise, and in the most private charities, always far beyond his means. He once said that he had been more than thirty years in public life, and all he had accumulated was a few books; but there was no bitterness, no repining in the words. He respected riches wisely used for the public good, but he was as free from vulgar admiration as he was from the equally vulgar hatred of wealth. He was, in a word, simply indifferent to the possession of money, — a fine attitude, never more worthy of consideration and respect than in these very days.

His love for his native land was an intense and mastering emotion. His country rose before his imagination like some goddess of the infant world, the light of hope shining in her luminous eyes, a sweet smile upon her lips, the sword of justice in her fearless hand, her broad shield stretched out to shelter the desolate and oppressed. Before that gracious vision he bowed his head in homage. His family and friends, — Massachusetts, Concord, Harvard College, — he loved and served them all with a passion of affection in which there was no shadow of turning. His pride in the Senate, in its history and its power, and his affection for it, were only excelled by his jealous care for its dignity and its prerogatives. He might at times criticise its actions, but he would permit

no one else to do so, or to reflect in his presence upon what he regarded as the greatest legislative body ever devised by man, wherein the ambassadors of sovereign States met together to guard and to advance the fortunes of the republic. Beneath a manner sometimes cold, sometimes absent-minded, often indifferent, beat one of the tenderest hearts in the world. He had known many men in his day, — all the great public men, all the men of science, of letters or of art, — and his judgments upon them were just and generous, yet at the same time shrewd, keen and by no means over-lenient. But when he had once taken a man within the circle of his affections, he idealized him immediately; there was thenceforth no fleck or spot upon him, and he would describe him in glowing phrases which depicted a being whom the world perhaps did not know or could not recognize. It was easy to smile at some of his estimates of those who were dear to him; but we can only bow in reverence before the love and loyalty which inspired the thought, for these are beautiful qualities, which can never go out of fashion.

He was a fearless and ready fighter; he struck hard, and did not flinch from the return. His tongue could utter bitter words, which fell like a whip and left a scar behind; but he cherished no resentments, he nursed no grudges. As the shadows lengthened he softened, and grew ever gentler and more tolerant. The caustic wit gave place more and more to the kindly humor which was one of his greatest attributes. In the latter days he would fain be at peace with all men, and he sought for that which was good in every one about him. He died in the fullness of years, with his affections unchilled, his fine

intellect undimmed. He met death with the calm courage with which he had faced the trials of life.

He took his shrivelled hand without resistance,  
And found him smiling as his step drew near.

So he passed from among us, a man of noble character and high abilities. He did a great work; he lived to the full the life of his time. He was a great Senator, — a great public servant, laboring to aid his fellow-men and to uplift humanity.

He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith.

May we not say of him, in the words of one of the poets who inspired his imagination, in the noble language he so dearly loved: —

Κοινὸν τοῦ ἄχους πᾶσι πολίταις  
Ἦλθεν ἀέλωτος.  
Πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος  
Τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοσπευθεῖς  
Φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσιν.

On all this folk, both low and high,  
A grief has fallen beyond men's fears.  
There cometh a throbbing of many tears,  
A sound as of waters falling.  
For when great men die,  
A mighty name and a bitter cry  
Rise up from a nation calling.

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NOTE.— This English version of the last chorus in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides is taken from the remarkable and very beautiful translation of that tragedy by Professor Murray.









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